

5

T H O U G H T S
O N T H E
G L O R I O U S E P I P H A N Y,
O F T H E
L O R D J E S U S C H R I S T.

A
P O E T I C A L E S S A Y,
W R I T T E N

At SOUTHAMPTON in the Year MDCCLVII.

Sacred to FRIENDSHIP.

By WILLIAM DODD, A. M.
Lecturer of West Ham, Essex, and St. Olave's, Hart-Street, London.

THE THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

Ελθετω η Βασιλεια σου! St. Matt. vi. 10.

*Henceforth there is laid up for Me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the
righteous Judge, shall give me, at that Day: and not to me only, but unto all
them also that LOVE his APPEARING.* 2 TIM. iv. 8.

Numinis hic laudes, hic numinis omnia plena :
Pieridum si fortè Lepos, aultera canentes
Deficit : eloquio victi, re vincimus ipsâ :
Tu modò non furdam nostris da cantibus aurem.

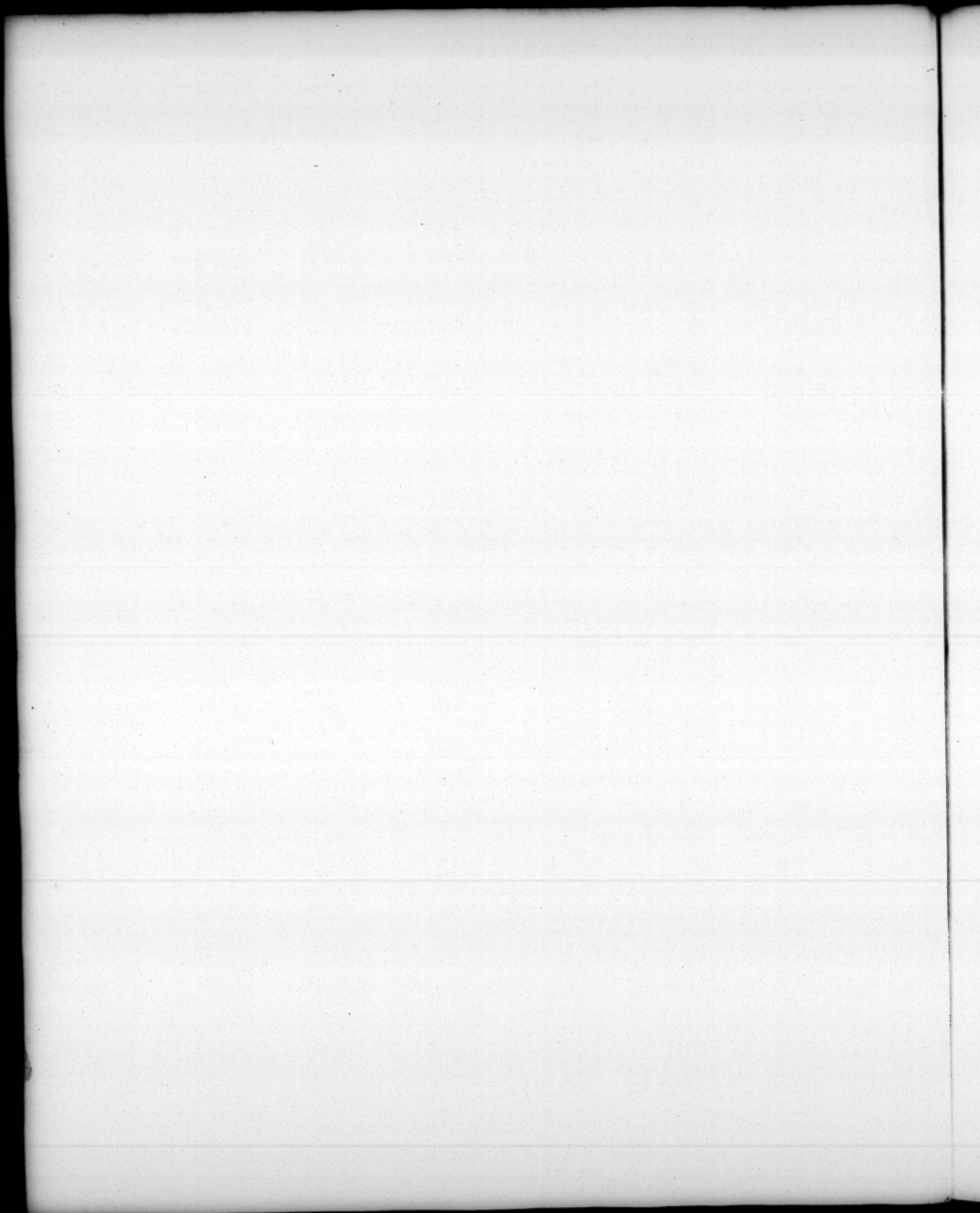
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T O

THE RIGHT REVEREND

EDMUND KEENE, D. D.

Lord Bishop of CHESTER.

My LORD,

THE kind and favourable manner, wherein you received the first fruits of my academical studies, and the acts of real friendship you shewed me afterwards, are such testimonies at once of your good intentions towards me, and of your desire to promote true learning, as for ever demand my gratitude and respect.

I am well assured of the truth of an expression, which I read with pleasure in one of your Lordship's obliging Letters to me, that
"you

“ you are never more pleas’d, than when you
 “ can countenance and assist young men of
 “ abilities and character.” A disposition truly amiable, which shews the good mind, and constitutes the great man.

Tho’ I cannot presume to rank myself amongst such as merit your Lordship’s countenance, yet I must esteem it as a singular mark of another excellence, of great condescension, that you were pleas’d to express yourself thus favourably of Me; with a generous view, no doubt, to encourage the weak beginnings of one, who would wish no higher satisfaction than to *deserve* indeed the favour of a patron, so capable to discern, so ready to assist.

But, how distant soever herefrom, I am desirous at least to give your Lordship a public testimony of my sincere gratitude and high veneration : and therefore beg leave to present to you the following Poem : the solemn subject of which suits well with your sacred character, and must, on that account, I am sensible, be acceptable. But the execution, I fear, will
 need

need your Lordship's usual indulgence, which I doubt not of finding : assured that you will look favourably on the intention ; and with no less benevolence than before, receive this small tribute, so justly due to your Lordship's public merit, and private kindneſſes to,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most dutiful,

and Obliged

Son and Servant.

Plaſtow, Eſſex,
Dec. 8, 1757.

WILLIAM DODD.

OCCASION and ARGUMENT,

To be read before the POEM.

IN a house, on the beach, near Southampton, are lodged a number of those French neutrals, who were brought from North-America, as Prisoners, and are now (1757) confined in England. The small-pox, a disease before unknown to them, soon after their arrival, to aggravate the miseries of captivity, seized and proved very fatal to them. Those, who at present remain, go, every evening about sun-set, to pray over the graves of their departed friends, whom they have lost in this foreign land, to the language and customs of which they are utter strangers. —The sight hereof, of many men, women, and children, kneeling in solemn silence, round the graves of their fathers, husbands, wives, children, brethren, friends, — much affected the author's heart, when at Southampton, this season: and gave occasion to the following Thoughts, on the noblest of subjects; to which his then accidental reading of Dr. Patrick's excellent book, "On the glorious Epiphany," &c. greatly contributed; and which a pleasing leisure, and happy tranquility of mind harmoniz'd in a poetic form.

Unlike other Poems, this has its foundation solely in truth: the author has followed the sacred scriptures closely: as it seems necessary on a subject derived entirely from revelation. — It hath given him a welcome opportunity to pay some debts of duty and friendship: and the open unreserv'd manner, wherein his thoughts are expressed, will, it is hoped, not be unpleasing, as the poem was written without any the least view to the public, and solely to express the private overflowings of his mind. — Some who heard and read it, judged that the reflections might be profitable to others; they are delivered to the world therefore with a view to that end: conscious of which the author is alike
insensible

insensible to the praise or dispraise of men. — Modern wittlings will be merry perhaps upon the regard shewn herein to a wife: see v. 77. and no wonder, agreeably to the taste of our times. But the Author trusts, he shall not be ashamed in the most public manner to avow any of those social and honourable affections, which God hath implanted, recommended, enforc'd. He hath too some in ancient and modern times to keep him in countenance, in whose company he had rather be seen, than in the gayest circle of modish gallants. — This Poem is by no means calculated to please the gay, the thoughtless, the prophane: to amuse in a coffee-house, or murder a morning's tedious hour. Its subject is deep, serious, important; and can be acceptable to none but the serious, and such as are desirous to obtain that better country: to all of whom it is offered and inscribed: recommended to their patronage and protection: and by whom, the Author sincerely prays, it may be found instructive, and a means to kindle in their hearts greater love to their eternal inheritance!

As to the Argument of the poem, in general, it aims at enforcing a love and desire to the coming of Christ: to which end: 1st. The glories of his coming, and the happiness of it to believers, are set forth. 2dly, The grand motives to inspire us with a love to it are hinted, and back'd by the example of many who did love it: and 3dly, The chief means are shewn whereby we may gain and improve this love. St. Paul's words in the title-page, might be called the text of this piece.—But more particularly, it contains a description.—Ver. 14, Introduction. 46, Address to Maria. 101, Invocation. 117, Entrance on the main subject. Resurrection 132, Shewn from nature, 166, Whole process of the grand Epiphany. 218, Miseries of unbelievers. 240, Happiness of believers. 276, Return from judgment. New Jerusalem particularly described. 336, An apostrophe to the Author's deceased parents. 370, Apology for himself. 397, Reasons why we should love and long for this Epiphany. 475, Reasons why men do not. 524, Proofs that there have been lovers of it, in Paul, Stephen,—the whole army of martyrs. 579, English martyrs, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer. 605, A late Christian friend commemorated. 651, Our interest in the great Epiphany, and the mighty cause we have to love and long for it. 763, Means to obtain this desirable love, viz. 780, Prayer, &c. 801, Lord's supper. 824, Word. 868, Christian writers. The Fathers. 896, the English

glish divines. 923, *Eulogium on Mr. Hervey.* 945, *And Mr. Wogan, author of the Essay on the proper lessons for Sundays.* 967, *Concluding hymn to God our Saviour, under the fourfold relation of Father, Bridegroom, Brother, Friend, &c.*

I have nothing further to add, than that I pray God, this weak instrument may be in his hands employed to the good of many: and I can find no properer words with which to conclude, than those in my title page, from the incomparable Cardinal de Polignac's Anti-Lucretius, which I subjoin from Mr. Dobson's late masterly translation.

God is our theme : his praise our only song.
 What if we yield in pow'r of eloquence
 And harmony of sound : in argument
 Thro' truth we conquer. Hear then, and attend.

Advertisement to the Third Edition.

THIS POEM was first published in the year 1757, in the Author's best and happiest days. Being out of print and called for, it is re-published in his most miserable and distressed moments ! But overwhelm'd as He is with a flood of sorrow ; worn down under the deepest compunction for his sins ; and humbled to the dust beneath the heavy burthen of them both : he looks with equal pleasure to the solemn Truths contained in the Poem ; and finds the same consolation and support in these trying moments, which He found in those happy days—from a penitent and sincere self-renunciation, and a steadfast faith in that gracious Redeemer ! whose future coming he has endeavoured, however feebly, yet affectionately, to represent.

April 27, 1777.

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E R R A T A.

Line 256, for *radient*, read *radiant*. l. 330, for *bath our best*, r. *bath to our best*.
l. 382, for *forefwoe*, r. *forefwoe*. l. 482, dele the *comma* after the word *light*. l. 567,
for *invention*, r. *invention's*. page 29, in the note, for *ramarkable*, r. *remarkable*.
l. 622, dele the *colon* after *him*. l. 685, dele the *comma* after *God*. l. 687, for *he*, r. *ye*.

T H O U G H T S

ON THE

GLORIOUS EPIPHANY, &c.

SOFT blew the tepid breeze, wafting fair *Health*,
The rosy nymph, from HAMPTON's beauteous bay :
While on the sea-green surface, polish'd smooth,
As *Parian* marble, play'd the golden beams
Of western *Sol*, gilding the gloomy groves 5
Which from the forests heights depend, and cloath
With leafy majesty the shore. The hum
Mean while of busy merchandize ; the cry
Of failors, light of heart, with the mixt din
Of foldier's martial drum, and shrill-ton'd fife 10
Just dying, on the distant ear confus'd.
All nature smil'd : Heav'n, earth and sea conjoin'd
Their beauties, to exalt the glowing heart,

B

Alas,

Alas, how lost their beauties, and how dead
 To yonder hapless multitude, who rove 15
 In silent sort along the sea-beat shore !
 Sending full oft their wishes and their sighs
 Big with distress, to that dear native land
 From whence, sad chance of war, torn by rude force
 They languish prisoners in a foreign clime ! 20
 No more they view their lov'd *Acadia's* plains ;
 No more their happy homes, and fertile fields ;
 No more, their joyful families around,
 They taste the pleasures of domestic peace,
 Nor quaff full draughts from freedom's flowing bowl. 25
 Their plains so lov'd, their fields with plenty crown'd,
 Rude soldiers waste : and they, immers'd in woe,
 Tread the lone beach : while on their languid sight
 The pleasing views around unheeded rise ;—
 They rise on captives !—What's the gaudy room, 30
 The filken tapestry, or the cedar'd floor,
 To the lone linnet, sever'd from his mate
 And forests wild and free ?—Who shall forbid
 The generous tear to swell the pitying eye ?
 What tho' of *hostile* race, still they are *men* ! 35

And

And while we view them weeping o'er the graves
 Of friends departed ; while we hear their prayers,
 Kneeling, in sorrow sad, those graves around :
 While we behold them slowly as they tread,
 With visage wan, and port disconsolate 40
 From burden'd breast heaving the deep-fetch'd groan,
 From languid eye bursting the trembling tear ;—
 What *Briton* wears a heart, steel'd to the touch
 Of gentle *Pity* ? Who can then refuse
 A sympathetic feeling of their woe ! 45

Oh, my *Maria*, may we ne'er refuse
 The just, the gen'rous tribute. There's a pain
 Sweetly delightful in *soft Pity's touch*,
 Which gladdens, while it wounds the heart humane.
 May not their lot be ours ?—For who can tell 50
 The dire event of war ?—Should the great God,
 In just resentment of our nation's crimes,
 Blast our attempts, frustrate our sanguine hopes,
 And give us for a prey to *Gallia's* arms :—
 —Avert it gracious Heav'n !—yet should such woe 55
 O'erwhelm our land, our brethren in distress,

Acadia's

Acadia's sons, hold up the faithful glass,
 And give us a sad picture of ourselves,
 Prisoners in foreign climes !—How should the thought
 With humble gratitude inspire the soul, 60
 And tune the tongue to sing his boundless praise,
 Whose countless mercies, in rich clusters, hang
 Around our happy tents? Where every man
 Beneath his own vine sits, and eats secure
 Of his own fig-tree? Gratitude and praise 65
 Will best secure those mercies : God delights
 Chief in his servants thanks.—How should the thought
 Raise our fond hearts above this dark, dim spot,
 And shew us the deep poverty of earth
 And all its best enjoyments : where no rose 70
 Without a briar is found ; where grows no sweet
 Without its poison : and whose dearest bliss
 Is bounded by the grave.—How should it teach
 To separate from our souls its fatal love,
 And lead to nobler hope, to nobler love, 75
Hope, that deceives not ; *Love*, that never fails !

Come, then, *Maria*, and as join'd in heart,
 And that sweet nuptial union, whence hath flow'd

Streams

Streams of increas'ing happiness to crown
 Our faithful passion : come, and let us join 80
 Our fondest efforts, nobly to upraise
 Our best affections, and employ them there,
 Where our best bliss demands : on that bright scene
 Of Love divine, " our glorious Lord's return,"
 To welcome all his children into joy. 85
 That longing for that day, our love may look
 Beyond the narrow boundaries of time
 To the dear hope of everlasting bliss !
 Oh thou can'st tell, what soft serenity
 That hope diffuses over all our joys : 90
 How all our sorrows lose their name and sting,
 Sooth'd by that hope, supported by that love !
 Without that love the blessings of fair peace,
 Become but splendid miseries : With that love
 Captivity itself, and all the ills 95
 Of desolating war, their horrors lose,
 While faithful Patience hath its perfect work
 In the true Pilgrim heart from earth abstract,
 And by love's golden chain drawn up to Heaven.

BUT who, what mortal tongue can worthily 100
 Or paint that love divine ; or thro' the breast
 Of men diffuse its sweet persuasive power?
 Come, *spirit divine*, thou the strong band of love
 Between th' Almighty *Father* and the *Son*,
 The source and fountain of eternal love ; 105
 Thou only master of all Human Hearts ;
 Come, and with mighty energy impart
 Some touches of thy love, that my weak thoughts
 Aided by thee, illumin'd, and uprais'd,
 May to my subject's dignity respond : 110
 Arouse the expectations of mankind ;
 Wake from deep sleep the inattentive throng :
 And strike the noblest, fullest chord to sound
 The melody of love, returning love,
 With crown of gold to deck each faithful brow ! 115

THEN shall we see *him* :—every eye shall see—
 And they who pierced him !—*Then* shall we hear,
 Then every ear shall hear th' arch-angel's trump,
 Proclaiming his approach ; whose sound, more loud
 Than when ten thousand cannons with one roar 120

Forth

Forth from their iron mouths, shake the vex'd deep
 Down to the bottomless abyfs, and round
 Full many a league reiterate their hoarse
 And brazen thunder : louder far the trump
 Of that great angel shall be heard, whose sound, 125
 The adamantine pillars of the heavens
 Shall eafy, as the wind the aspen's boughs,
 Move waving to and fro : to the center shake
 The trembling earth ; the cearments of the grave
 Burft ;—and call forth to life th' unnumber'd dead. 310

As, when the bounteous *Sun* from *Aries* rolls,
 Quick'ning with genial light the pregnant *world*,
 All nature seems reviving : wide around
 A living verdure cloaths the blooming earth,
 And cheers the languid eyes, which late fatigu'd 135
 Stretch'd o'er the plains, white with the glift'ning fnow.
 The modest daify and the cowflip wan
 Checquer the vivid green : and pale beneath
 The budding hawthorn, the rathe primrose rears
 Her fcenty flowrets, with blue violets join'd, 140
 That, fond of privacy, their odours rich

Present,

Present, first offerings, to their fire, the sun ;
 Of silent active virtue emblems meet.
 No more the hedges with their branches brown,
 And trees with naked tops, staring to Heav'n, 145
 Deform creation : here the blossoms white
 The lenient air with richer odours fill,
 Than breathe from *Coromandel's* spicy coast :
 There the big gems burst beauteous into leaf,
 And give the trees their honour : every herb 150
 Uprears its dewy head : and teeming earth
 From fertile bowels casts her precious things,
 The fulness of her bounty, precious fruits.—
 —So shall she cast her DEAD : when that great morn
 Of resurrection comes ; when that loud trump 155
 Of the arch-angel sounds : when shines the light,
 The light eternal, and with power divine
 Our bodies moulder'd into native dust
 Shall quicken into life : and give to rise,
 Wearing far other forms, our mortal clad 160
 With immortality, and our corrupt
 In corruption lovely.—Thus their trusts

Innu-

Innumerable, sacred, shall the earth and sea
At the dread summons, faithfully resign! 165

AN awful pause ensuing, every heart
Throbbing with great expectance: the loud clang
Of countless trumpets shall be heard, by the breath
Of mighty angels blown, while they precede
In solemn pomp the crimson'd sign, the CROSS
Triumphant, veil'd in ruddy light, and borne 170
By myriads of bright seraphim.—From on high,—
Lo! the whole arch of Heav'n empeopled thick
Blazes with spirits of glory; —'midst th' acclaim
Of all the heav'nly host, slow shall descend,
Seated upon a throne, like fiery flame, 175
Borne on a luminous cloud, the GOD, the JUDGE,
The bad man's terror, and the good man's hope!
His garment white as snow, and like pure wool
His hair: bright as a flame of fire, his eyes:
His feet, like burnish'd brass, as if they glow'd 180
In the red furnace: forth from which shall come
A fiery stream resplendent; while he rides
Full royally, his car, by cherubim

D

Upborn;

Upborn ; whose wheels, self-mov'd, and full of eyes,
 As blazing beryl glow, and burning fire. 185
 Lo, dazzled with his lustre, darkness veils
 Creation's amplest brightness : lights full source
 The mid-day sun, instant before his face
 Becomes as sackcloth black : the silver moon
 As blood : forth from their orbs to earth down fall 190
 The darken'd stars ; even as a fig-tree casts,
 Before a mighty wind, her unripe figs :
 The Heavens themselves astonish'd, as a scroll
 Shrivell'd before the fire, shall pass away
 With noise insufferable : the elements 195
 With fervent heat dissolve : forth from their place
 Trembling shall fly each island, mountain, hill ;
 And as the wax, before meridian *Sol*,
 Melt at his awful presence : while the earth,
 With all her works, in general flame shall burn ! 200

THEN, while his ample train shall fill the Heaven,
 While thousand thousands to him minister,
 And while ten thousand times ten thousand stand
 Before his awful majesty, to bear

His

His fov'reign mandates, or of life or death :— 205
 The judgment set, the impartial volumes op'd,
 All secrets naked, every thought disclos'd,
 Caught up into the air, before his throne
 Shall stand all nations !—

THERE, *Maria*, there 210
 Must thou and I, with all our kindred souls
 The righteous sentence, the just meed of all
 Our actions, the eternal doom receive,
 Eternal life, eternal death !—How great !
 Oh how this earth's best blessings sink in worth, 215
 When on that scene is open'd the mind's eyes !
 Where vengeance, vengeance dire, unutterable,
 On those shall fiercely fall, who know not God,
 Nor the blest Gospel of our sovereign Lord,
 With faithful love, obey : these from his face, 220
 And from the living glory of his power,
 With everlasting ruin, endless woe
 Shall then be punish'd : then shall be consign'd
 To bottomless perdition : and condemn'd
 To dwell in hopeless horror, headlong hurl'd 225

Down

Down to the flaming pit, and bound in fire
 That never shall its hottest rage remit,
 Be quenched never!—Oh most horrible!
 Oh horrible to heart and ear!—And what
 Hath earth's poor lusts and vanities most vain 230
 To counterpoise this death eternal? What
 To counterpoise the loss of that high bliss
 Which now shall crown the *Righteous*: when their Lord
 Shall come to be admir'd in all his saints,
 And glorified in each believing soul! 235



Oh who can paint their raptures when the voice
 Of love divine shall, with mellifluous tone,
 Greet their glad ears, and silence every fear
 Which swells the bosom 'midst that solemn scene!
 “ Come, O ye blessed of my Father, come, 240
 “ Come and receive the kingdom of bright bliss,
 “ And joy immortal for yourselves prepar'd
 “ Before the world's foundation: enter in
 “ The everlasting mansions, and rejoice
 “ With joy unspeakable.” At once the sound 245
 Innumerable of all the heavenly choir

In

In concert sweet shall welcome the blest sons
 Of immortality : voices divine
 With instruments of tone celestial, tun'd
 In dulcet harmony : such as, to compare 250
 Great things with small—from the full choir resounds
 Of *Handel's* master-strains, to the high fame
 Of conquering MESSIAH dedicate :
 The rapt heart bounds with gladness.—Crowns inwove
 With amaranth and gold on every head 255
 Shall shine resplendent : robes of radiant white
 Fair beaming as the morning star, shall glow
 On each illustrious body, glorified,
 And beauteous in the lustre of their *God*.
 Palms of unfading verdure in each hand 260
 At once shall speak their victory, and express
 Their triumph everlasting : golden harps
 For ever tun'd, shall glitter at their sides.
 On every brow celestial peace shall smile,
 And happiness unruffled ; from each eye, 265
 Sparkling with joy immortal, shall be wip'd
 All tears for ever : for, the cause of tears,
 Foul sin and greedy death shall be no more !

Celestial love shall every heart o'erflow,
 Celestial love shall every heart inspire, 270
 And tune unceasing to seraphic praise !—

Heaven's golden vault with the melodious sound
 Triumphant echoing, 'midst the sweet acclaim
 Of all his host, MESSIAH conquering king,
 —His lov'd redeemed at his right hand plac'd,— 275
 From judgment shall return ; while myriads join
 Of angels, and archangels, pryncedoms, powers,
 And all the company of Heav'n, to laud
 His righteous judgments : while *Hosannas* sound
 Thro' all Heaven's concave to the King of Glory : 280
 Their heads the everlasting doors shall raise,
 The gates be lifted up, twelve gates of pearl,
 Each wide, as to admit a banner'd host,
 With all their colours flying, while the king
 Of glory, the dread Lord of hosts, the son 285
 Eternal shall come in, with all his train,
 And enter that blest city !* whose vast space

* See *Revel.* xxi. 22.

'Twou'd weary Time to measure ; whose high walls
 Glitter with living jasper ; and whose streets
 Are of fine gold, pure as transparent glass. 290
 At whose twelve gates twelve mighty angels stand,
 Fair as the morn, and glorious as the sun.
 Forth from the throne of God, and of the Lamb,
 A river, clear as crystal, issues forth,
 The water of life : and gladdens with its streams 295
 The new JERUSALEM : while its fair banks
 That tree of life, angelic food, produce,
 Which erst in *Eden* grew, or ere frail man
 Tasted another fruit, which work'd his woe.
 Here God hath fix'd his seat, here ever dwells 300
 In glory as in blessedness supreme,
 His servants worship to receive, and glad
 With everlasting joy, which from him flows
 In richest fulness. Here behoves no temple :—
God is the *Temple* ! Here no sun : for here 305
 The Light of *God*, and of the glorious *Lamb*
 For ever shines : one undiminis'd day
 Without created light, reigns beauteous : love
 Enlivens and illumines all with light,

Life-giving and divine.—Such is the place 310
 Ordain'd, of boundless mercy, the abode
 Eternal of blest souls: here shall they live
 Imparadis'd in joy, in endless joy,
 Whose names are found recorded in the book
 Of life, whose foreheads with the lamb's red seal 315
 Are mark'd: and who with him approv'd, return
 From judgment all victorious! These alone—
 (For nought defiling, sin, nor sinners here,
 Shall ever enter,) these alone shall reign
 With God for ever; and the bliss enjoy 320
 Of his near presence, and the vision call'd
 By mortals, *beatific*; to express
 What saints in glory share; men by dim faith
 Scarce apprehend. Hope leads to nearer views,
 And love will then consummate: when with saints 325
 Join'd in sweet union, we shall all accord
 In one high strain of praise: when we shall live,
 In amity divine, with all the friends
 Of our high Lord, whom sacred writ records,
 And long hath our best affections won!— 330

And

And there—oh pleasing recollection—there
 Our dearest friends, by death relentless torn
 From our embraces, joyful shall we meet,
 Immortal meet, to part no more!—The hope,
 Oh ye beloved *Authors* of my birth, 335
 Ye *best of Parents*, who, 'midst torments fierce
 And cruel anguish, in my arms expir'd ;
 The mournful office, while my trembling hands
 Of closing your dear eyes perform'd—that hope,
 That balmy hope soothes my sad soul, and dries 340
 The silent tear, which frequent from my eye
 Drops mournful on remembrance of your love :
 That love, which o'er me from the cradle watch'd
 To manhood's dawn : sollicitous and fond.—
 —Ah, who but parents ought can paint the pangs 345
 Heart-felt, that in the anxious parent's breast
 Throb for its darling offspring? Thence be taught
 Duteous regard, ye children, and return
 Grateful the tender love !—But earthly love
 How poor, how short! in those celestial realms 350
 Nor end, nor mixture shall be known. Alas,
 How unsupportable the load of woe,

Without fair immortality's bright hope !
 How light all earthly sufferings, when the soul
 Disdains the grave, and carries its bold eye, 355
 Directed by strong faith into the realms
 Of light and love eternal ?—There, oh there,
 Grant us, thou God benign, Lover of Souls,
 By the red blood, that from thy sacred wounds
 Flow'd liberal for man : oh grant us there 360
 To meet in bliss, and my transported soul
 Then fully, thrice blest *Parents*, shall express
 The debt of love I owe : which grateful thus
 I strive to speak in melancholy song
 Befitting lowly mortal : Earnest small 365
 Of future offerings, when on golden harps
 Together we shall chaunt immortal songs,
 Immortal made ; and ravish'd with the joy,
 Fulness of joy, and pleasures evermore
 At the right hand of God !— 370

PARDON, dread LORD,
 If ought too much presumptuous, or too high
 In hope,—thee I *offend* ! Thy sacred word

And

And promises divine forbid to *Faith*
 The glimmering of doubt. Yet when I view 375
 Myself unworthy and offending still
 Thy goodness infinite, methinks 'tis bold
 At all to hope.—But not on ME depends
 Acceptance final: Thou wilt not refuse
 The lowly soul that builds on JESU's Love!— 380
 Smit by that hallow'd love, my muse, ere while
 To mortal passions dedicate, forswore
 Th' adulterous service, and itself resign'd
 To thee its rightful Lord! Oh that my strains,
 How weak so'er, might to thy praise redound, 385
 And join in universal nature's choir,
 To hymn thee general Lord!—Warm'd with that wish,
 Tho' faintly, thus I strive to lisp low thoughts,
 Low are the highest mortal tongues express,
 When everlasting love becomes their theme; 390
 And such is mine: thine everlasting love
 Bright shining on that great Epiphany,
 When, all thy mighty majesty display'd,
 We shall behold—behold Thee, as thou art;
 And, at the Vision gloriously transform'd, 395

Be made——who can conceive the Greatness?—made
Like *T H E E* !

WERE it not strange, *Maria*, then to dread
A day so fraught with blessings, so replete
With good to man? to dread a change that brings 400
Immortal glory?—Dreads the Mariner,
Who, tost long time upon the ocean wild,
Sails many a weary league from the dry coast
Of *Malabar* or *Bengala*, waging long
Unequal war with tempests, rocks, and waves, 405
That well nigh have their way thro' the leak'd hull
Of his shock'd vessel made—dreads he the port
Friendly that brings him to his native soil,
To the lov'd bosom of his faithful wife,
And dear careffes of his infant race, 410
Climbing with fondling joy his happy knees,
And lisping their pleas'd stories : his big heart
Swells with exstetic rapture : while a tear
Of silent joy unbidden steals adown
His sun-burnt cheeks.—Or didst thou dread that day, 415
Say, my *Maria*, which return'd me, long,

Long absent, long expected to thy arms
 And bridal bed, thence sever'd by hard fate
 Just in the blossom of those nuptial joys,
 Which since have into fulness spread, and cheer'd 420
 With undiminish'd sweetness?—Rather say,
 Did'st thou not number every lagging hour
 With fond impatience, and the minutes blame
 Too tedious in their course, till on thy sight,
 Fair solace of my soul, thy bridegroom rose 425
 Transported : bliss too big for utterance rode
 On our hearts pants triumphing!—Dread we then,
 Oh strange, the *Bridegroom* of our *souls* return,
 Whose love stronger than death, no mortal flame
 Can ought resemble? dread we then the *port*, 430
 That to the haven of eternal rest
 Our shipwreckt vessel brings?—Wherefore not long,
 Wherefore not look with expectation fond,
 And passion all-inflam'd, for that great day
 Of JESU's coming : and the blissful hour 435
 That to our Bridegroom's everlasting arms,
 And nuptials all-consummate shall admit
 Our souls delighted?—King of terrors, *Death*,

Thou art man's dread : How doth thy leaden dart,
 Oh mighty Conqueror, with cold horror pierce 440
 The heart benumb'd : make the chill blood stand still,
 And course no longer thro' the purple veins
 And allies of the body : while the pulse,
 Life's centinel, retiring from its watch,
 Gives notice of departing life : while steals 445
 O'er the dark eye-balls misty night ; and stiff
 The limbs, so glowing late, freeze into clay
 Food for the darksome grave !

Yet wherefore fear,
 What needs we must encounter ? Wherefore fear 450
 A foe whom none can shun ; whose stroke, tho' dread,
 Of force but momentary*, sends the soul
 From the dark prison of an earthly cot
 To palace of celestial mould !—Who flies
 Adventure dangerous, and perils vast 455

* Cowards die many times, before their death :
 The valiant never taste of death but once :
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear :
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come. — *Julius Caesar in Shakes.*

To gain renowned meed?—What lover fears
 The long dark cavern, that conducts his steps
 Lonely, beneath the bowels of the earth,
 To the fair bosom of his secret spouse,
 Wedded and won : yet not for some hard hap, 460
 Or parents frown, or fortune all-unmeet,
 Acknowledg'd and avow'd?—Old stories tell
 That erst *Leander*, warm'd with the generous love
 Of beauteous *Hero*, dreaded nought to dare
 Nightly the swelling waves ; and with bold stroke 465
 Forc'd thro' rough ocean his fond way, while led
 By friendly light from her fair hand, whose touch
 Repay'd the glad adventurer. Of love
 Such the commanding power ! *—So did we love
 The Bridegroom of our souls, who forth from Heav'n
 Hath hung his words sure light, safe to conduct
 Our path unerring : gloomy death's deep waves
 Nought should we dread, nor fear the monster's dart
 More than the faithful youth the kindly wave
 That bore him to his love?—But ah, that wave 475

* He was lost in a dark tempestuous Night. Μεγάλη τις Ἀγαστις ὑπάρχει,
 says *Chrysostom*.

Who without *love* could dare? Death's sting most sharp
 Is *Sin*: and sin, rebellious sin, is want
 Of love alone: where JESUS holds the sway
 Victorious in the heart, all other loves
 Hide their diminish'd heads: and the rank train 480
 Of bestial, devilish passions 'fore him fly,
 As, 'fore his great exemplar, morning light,
 Foul darkness, with her murderers bath'd in blood,
 Muffled adulterers, thieves that love the shade,
 Spirits of night, that walk the earth; and beasts 485
 That to their dark caves haste, growling at day,
 And hide them from the Sun.—Oh the cold love
 Of our degenerate hearts, in these last days;
 How senseless of thy beauty, of thy love,
 Thy matchless beauty, love unspeakable, 490
 Thou altogether lovely!—Hence how dread
 To our imaginations pale with fear,
 The thoughts of death! Men shiver at the name!
 His terror makes cold cowards of us all:
 Nor *they*, whose *trade* is *death*, are from the fear, 495
 —Oh shame—exempt!—And whence this fear?—Ah,
 How every love, how every lust can lead [look
 Mens

Mens hearts its willing captive ; how they doat
 On shadows vain, and triflingly pursue
 Bubbles, that burst and lose their colour'd rings, 500
 Or ere the delicate breath breathes on them !—Look,
 How every love, but love divine leads on
 Its potent multitudes, that flutter round
 The shadow vain of unsubstantial joys :
 As gaudy butterflies, that lightly spread 505
 Their painted down, and skim from flower to flower
 Of momentary stay : or as the moth
 That foolish plays around the dazzling flame,
 Till in the fatal circle caught, it drops,
 And woe and wisdom learns at once,—too late ! 510
 Look, how compliant with the world's fell lore,
 To fashion slaves, and in strong custom's chain
 Bound ; with the multitude what numbers rush
 Precipitate to pay their civil court
 At vice, or folly's temple : tho' recoils 515
 Their better reason, and their soberer sense
 The rank idolatry disclaims.—Ah look
 At these, innumerable ; and doubt no more, [fear.
 Whence comes death's dread, and judgment's trembling

On mens brows wonder fits, to hear the fond 520
 The tale *enthusiastic*, that there *were*—
 (Oh that their numbers yet were found !) there were
 Who welcom'd death more warmly than the bride
 Her faithful bridegroom : and the lov'd approach
 Of their IMMANUEL in the clouds desir'd 525
 With expectations more awake, than thine,
 Oh soul of avarice, *Carpus*, hov'ring o'er
 The rent-roll wish'd of some estate immense,
 By thy insatiate usury well nigh [look,
 Devour'd from spend-thrift heir !—Look, Christians,
 —If *Christians* rightly call'd, who never fight,
 Tho' with the red cross mark'd upon your brows,
 Beneath the crimson'd banner of your God,
 Against foul sin, proud Satan, and the world,
 Deceitful and deceiv'd :—befits not then 535
 The name, *Deserters*, rather?—Yet to call,
 If haply the remembrance may inspire
 With penitent shame well-pleasing, back to call
 To the victorious sign of grace and peace,
 Look at the noble champions who have wag'd 540
 Full well the glorious war !—See in the Van,

Amidst

Amidst the chosen leaders, toilsome PAUL,
 Loaden with victories, in triumphant fort
 Wishing to be dissolv'd, and be with *Christ* !
 While, in Faith's full assurance, he declares, 545
 " The time of my departure is at hand,
 " And ready am I now to be pour'd forth
 " As a libation sweet, unto my God !
 " And pleasing the reflection ! I have fought
 " And constantly maintain'd the noble fight : 550
 " I've run the course complete ; have kept the faith :
 " Henceforth of righteousness the golden crown.
 " Is laid up for me : the immortal crown,
 " Which at that day, the Lord, the righteous judge
 " Will give to ME !—Yet not to Me alone, 555
 " But to all *those*, that his appearing LOVE."

And such are they, that glorious file led on
 By STEPHEN, proto-martyr, whose blest hands
 Unfurl from standard high, the flaming flag,
 Beneath whose banner these have nobly fought 560
 And dy'd their robes in blood ! Oh how they long'd,
 With ardent joy,—how constantly they scorn'd,

Nay:

Nay fought, nay welcom'd, flames, wild beasts, and racks,
 With all the cruel wantonnefs of death
 Devis'd by tyrants perfecuting rage : 565
 And wearied out with refignation arm'd,
 Invention fubtleft tortures : faithful found,
 Found faithful unto death!—Hail, glorious throng,
 Of Martyrs noble army! ever hail!
 High testimony have ye borne to JESU's truth, 570
 And JESU's love confummate. Be your crowns
 Bright with fuperior luftre!—Well ye deem'd
 Thofe happy, who obtain'd on earth fuch grace,
 Favour'd fo highly, as to fhed their blood,
 In the Redeemer's caufe! well could my foul, 575
 (If envy ought permitted to allow—)
 Envy your choice felicity : and fure
 If envy e'er were lawful, it were here.

Yet 'midft the radiant troop, it glads my heart,
 A fquadron to behold of port divine 580
 From my lov'd country. Faithful RIDLEY, hail,
 Truth's ftrenuous champion : with that foldier bold
 Of men regardless, LATIMER, to flames

Jocund,

Jocund, as to a bridal bed, who hied :

Hail, all-laborious CRANMER, soul of love— 585

Well did thy dauntless courage expiate

Thy *right hand*'s fault : while unappall'd thou stood'st,

And gav'st th' offender to consuming fire !

Thou never knew'st resentment to thy foe,

Yet spared not, with indignation just, 590

Thy tenderest flesh !* First of *Reformers*, hail,

And chief of *British* Martyrs ! Well my song

Could be content, thy praises to record

With all the countless multitude, that throngs

From *Britain*'s shore ! whose names live here embalm'd

In faithful memory, in the book of life

Recorded live for ever !—Yet the meed

Of my poor verse, blest worthies, but ill suits

Your praises high :—Oh might our towering hopes

Rise into emulation, while we view 600

The lustre of your deeds :—Rise from our death

* Archbishop *Cranmer* was of the most remarkably sweet and forgiving temper, inasmuch that it used to be said, "The best way to gain the Archbishop's favour, was to do him a shrewd turn:" so much did he delight to forgive. When brought to the stake, he thrust his right hand into the flame, and stood undaunted while it was consum'd.—See the History of these Martyrs in *Fox* and others.

And sleep supine, struck with the mighty love
 Of that eternal captain, who led on
 Your souls, thro' opposition perilous,
 To victory immortal!

605

Yet to truth,

At once, and friendship, let my song be just;
 Nor thou, my *friend*, above the reach of praise,
 Crown'd in the realms of bliss, can ought suspect,
 Of flattery my song.—Yes, JESUS, yes,
 In these degenerate days, thy glowing love
 Found in *Lefevre's* heart a welcome feat;
 There burnt with all its purity divine,
 And fill'd her bosom with the courage bold
 Of Confessors undaunted, and the zeal
 Of suffering Martyrs! Ah, too early snatch'd,
 Fair flower, from this our globe; humbly we own
 The chastisement divine! yet tho' compell'd
 To weep our own sad loss, thy mighty gain
 Bids us rejoice for thee! Thy course is run,
 And now the end of all thy wishes gain'd,
 With him: thou ever liv'st, for whose dear sake,

610

615

620

To

To live and die on earth was all thy care!
 —Our warfare yet remains : and still we fight,
 Tho' faintly, our grand foes : oh may the hope 625
 Of meeting henceforth in the realms of joy,
 Our courage animate, and lead us on
 All-manfully, beneath the banner wide
 Of JESUS, conqueror, to maintain the fight,
 Against the subtle legions of the prince 630
 Of darkness horrible : against the force
 Of an opposing world ; and the foul wiles
 Of the deceitful flesh.—Fruitless those wiles,
 Those Legions impotent to storm the soul
 Secure in CHRIST! Look, how its towering head 635
 Aloft to Heav'n the stately cedar rears,
 On the high mountains brow : nor deigns to stoop
 Amidst the loudest clamours of the winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the boisterous north,
 Roaring with indignation vain around 640
 Its princely trunk!—So midst temptations rage
 Resolv'd, unmov'd, the steadfast Christian stands
 Rooted in JESU's Love! But that firm Love,
 The love of his appearing, with the crown

Of

Of righteousness eternal, and the hope 645
 Of living ever with our fellow Saints,
 In amity unshaken, can alone
 Inspire that resolution, and the faith
 Which to the end undaunted perseveres ;
 As cloud-capt *Teneriff*, fixt, and unremov'd ! 650

And who but *loves* that coming, who but longs
 With anxious hope, that in his bosom bears,
 A heart ought glowing with his Saviour's love ?
 And what heart glows not with that Saviour's love,
 Who views him on dread *Calvary* expos'd 655
 In naked anguish for the sins of men !
 Who longs not to behold this man of grief
 Assuming all his glory : to behold
 The *mock'd* redeemer : his immortal brows
 Crown'd with far other diadem, than erst 660
 On Earth he wore ; who longs not to behold
 His Saviour o'er his foes, o'er Death and Hell
 Triumphant ride, and judge the subject world !
 Ah, PILATE, then far other will he seem
 To thee all-trembling, than the man of woe 665

Presented

Presented to the *Jews*, with blood defil'd,
 And plough'd his back with scourges ! Other, far,
 Oh CAIAPHAS, than that blasphemer deem'd,
 Thou did'st to death adjudge ! His lucent robe
 And golden sceptre will evince him now, 670
 Oh HEROD, to thy shame far other king
 Than thou supposedst, when in impious sort
 Amidst thy revel-rout of soldiers rude
 Thou cloathedst him, in *Jewry*, with a robe
 Of splendid mockery !—Other will he seem, 675
 Far other, oh ye unbelieving tribe,
 Than that revil'd impostor, whom ye treat,
 Proud reptiles, with the insolence of scorn,
 And his pure laws *defy* : his judgment dread.
 And indignation just well may ye wish, 680
 How fruitless,—at that moment,—to defy !
 Then, combatants so doughty,—who, in house
 Of flesh, here while on heavenly loan you live,
 Dare in rebellion-base wage impious war
 Against your Father, Saviour, and your God.— 685
 Then will ye feel your wretched impotence :
 Too late : ah, that he now were wise, now felt

That impotence, all lowly!—Other far,
 Ye faithful found, try'd servants of your Lord—
 Will all his beaming beauties, and his love, 690
 Transcendently divine glow on your eyes,
 And fill your ravish'd hearts, far other, than
 Your souls warm wishes fancy, or your thoughts
 By brightest faith illumin'd, dare conceive!
 —The wonders who can reach? Who but desires 695
 With ardent love those wonders to behold,
 And see the royal SOLOMON enthron'd
 In everlasting glory?—But to share
 Copartners in that glory!—Deem we not
 The season long, till the glad hour arrives 700
 Of blissful consummation? Deem we not
 The season long, till with enraptur'd sight,
 Our *Nature* high exalted, 'bove all praise,
 In lustre and perfection, we behold
 Dazzling and eminent: from the stains of sin, 705
 From weakness and corruption, and from Death,
 Eternally set free; this mortal cloath'd
 With immortality: these *bodies* vile,
 Sprung from the grave, in heavenly beauty deck'd

And

And like the glorious body of their Lord 710
 Fashion'd by his divine transforming power !
 So from the homely seed to faithful soil
 Entrusted, fresh and fair a vernal plant
 Springs beauteous, quickened from its dying state
 By rains prolific, and the genial force 715
 Of vivifying light : bearing aloft
 Its flowery head, in fragrant sweetness rich,
 Far other than its seed, and yet the same !
 —Then shall our *souls* be perfected in love ;
 All doubtings cease, all languor be away, 720
 And our hearts flame, with undiminish'd heat,
 Burn even on, thro' endless ages burn,
 Supported by the everlasting light
 Of God's near presence !—Then shall we receive
 The crown immortal : enter then the realms 725
 Of love eternal : then for ever live
 In happiness unfading : with the joys
 That flow from God's right hand in plenteous streams,
 Still satiate and still thirsting : 'midst the choirs
 Of Saints and Angels, ceaselessly employ'd 730
 To hymn eternal love : in converse sweet,

With

With spirits divine on all JEHOVAH's works
 And wonders, passing wonder, on our view.
 In all their greatness rising, still employ'd
 And finding still fresh subjects to employ : 735
 —Oh state of joy consummate where one day
 Of perfect peace shall reign—How longs my soul
 To enter on thy gladness ! How my heart
 Longs, JESU, for thy coming ! to set free
 Th' imprison'd pilgrim from frail flesh and sin, 740
 From evil and from death, to wing her way,
 Her joyful way, to liberty and Thee !

As by the pirate hand of *Paynim* fierce,
 Scouring the seas for prey, a captive caught,
 And in deep dungeon, dark, and dank confin'd, 745
 On scanty offals fed, from the fair light
 Of chearful day cut off ; with the fore weight
 Of irksome iron wearied : while each hour
 Is lengthen'd with the apprehensions dire
 Of tortures manifold : as longs the soul. 750
 Of captive so forlorn, on the safe shore
 Of his lov'd *Britain* once to stand, and taste

The

The sweets of golden freedom, who hath built
 Her towering *Eiry* on the top-moſt bough,
 In this high-favour'd iſland!—So to ſtand 755
 On his ceſtial free, fair country's ſhore,
 Earneſt ſhould each imprifon'd foul deſire;
 Thus from foul ſin and Satan's durance, long
 For liberty conſummate: ardent thus
 For the divine deliverer's coming wait, 760
 And pant for his wiſh'd reſcue!—But can they
 Their chains who love, that reſcue prize, or wiſh?—

Sin's captives, her too willing ſlaves, not wiſh,
 But hapleſs dread that coming! and enſlav'd
 To *ſin*, who gives to *death* his pointed dart, 765
 And arms with all his terror,—ah, how dire
 Th' approach of that ſtern tyrant!—JESU's love
 The poiſon'd dart extracting, and the wounds
 Heal'd by the ſovereign baſam of his blood
 All precious: freſh and fair the ſoul revives, 770
 And, as the wither'd plant by waters fed,
 Blooms into Life.—Oh, finner, would'ſt thou ſhun
 Of death at once, the wages and the woe,

Death everlasting, everlasting pain,
 Fly to this saving love : haste for thy life 775
 To this sole city of refuge, from the hand
 Of blood's avenger. On the altar's horns
 Lay hold, poor criminal, and plead for life,
 Plead with pathetic force, and violence
 Well-pleasing to thy God ; plead as undone, 780
 As lost, condemn'd, eternally condemn'd,
 Cry, cry aloud for mercy,—mercy, Lord,
 And life for a lost soul ! Prayer's arrow drawn
 Down to the head by nervous penitence
 On meek humility's compliant string, 785
 Wings to the destin'd mark its certain way,
 And ne'er was shot in vain ! Thrice happy he,
 Of whom it can be said, " Behold he prayeth."*
 Prayer is the soul's desire pour'd forth to God,
 And cannot but obtain the Grace desir'd, 790
 Which, only to desire, is to have.

But who would pray aright must cease from sin :
 The rebel who for pardon craves, yet not

Acts ix. 11.

Lays

Lays down the arms rebellious, makes vain suit
 To majesty offended. Who would wish 795
 His Saviour's face propitious to behold,
 Must his commandment blameless to the end,
 And without spot still labour to preserve,
 Maintaining faith's good fight.—And need there is,
 Hereto of powerful Grace, won to the soul 800
 By fasting and by alms : but chief obtain'd
 In that dear feast commemorative of Love
 Unparallel'd : where meek-cy'd faith beholds
 The bleeding God : and hungry feeds on food
 Divine, the bread of life : strength of the soul, 805
 And feed of endless life !—Hail, sign and seal
 High-valued, of salvation ! feed me, Lord,
 There feed me, prostrate at thy altar laid,
 And with the banquet rich, refresh my soul,
 Sweet antepast of Heav'n ! May my right hand 810
 Sooner forget her cunning, than—her feat
 While memory holds in this distracted globe—
 Than I forget in that dear feast of Love,
 Thee to remember, to remember thee,
 Of sinners dying friend ! With melting heart 815
 Let

Let me contemplate in the mystic pledge
 Thy body broken, and thy flowing blood ;
 Blood,—that so freely flow'd from every wound
 For man ingrate : and to my soul receive
 The heavenly food ! mean while in wonder lost, 820
 In wonder at my self, so base, so vile,
 And yet so lov'd, so honour'd : for the price
 Of man's redemption was IMMANUEL's blood !

Nor let me daily cease to meditate
 On the high things recorded in thy WORD : 825
 To cherish thus my hopes, confirm my faith,
 And from thy precious promises inflame
 Still more and more my soul's warm love to Thee !
 Who thro' the world's thick darkness would direct
 His course aright : still must in hand hold forth 830
 The *Word's* pure light : who would the seven-fold
 Of Satan's malice vanquish, must in hand [power
 Continual bear this sword two-edg'd, whose stroke
 No power infernal, tho' with triple steel
 And adamant encompass'd, can withstand : 835
 Its

Its sharpness severs well each fleshly lust,
 And at one stroke the carcase of foul sin
 Lays open ; while from forth its glittering blade
 Such beaming lustre darts upon the soul,
 As naked all to view each latent thought, 840
 And each intent discovers.—Well should learn
 The christian soldier, in dire war engag'd
 With hellish and with earthly foes, combin'd
 To work his woe eternal,—well to wield
 This weapon all-invincible : while arm'd 845
 At every point, with armour proof, of God
 The workmanship complete ;—with *faith's* strong shield,
Truth's golden girdle, and *salvation's* helm :
 With *righteousness's* breast-plate ; and his feet
 Shod and prepar'd with evangelic peace ! 850

Oh may my hand be taught, still more and more
 The happy art to ply this spiritual sword,
 The word of God, successful ! 'Tis from hence
 New consolation flows, and vigour fresh,
 The battle to renew 'gainst foes, tho' strong, 855
 Yet yielding daily to the strength of God.

Blest word, on thee are grounded all our hopes ;
 Thou, letter choice of love from our dear lord,
 Assurest of his coming, and the joys
 Reserv'd in blest futurity, for those 860
 Who love that coming ! As to her heart the bride
 The lov'd epistle of her absent spouse
 With fervent rapture clasps : so to my heart
 Thee ever, till the day the bridegroom comes,
 Close let me clasp : nor ever cease to read, 865
 Thy amorous contents : that my heart's flame
 May glow with still increas'ing light and warmth !—

Nor friendly converse would I fail to hold
 With those whose happy labours have been spent
 In winning to this WORD the hearts of men ; 870
 While, in their sacred pages, branching forth
 Its promises celestial, and its threats,
 With evangelic hope to fire the soul.
 Chief, oh ye sacred guardians of the truth,
 First Fathers of the Church, your volumes rich 875
 Let me for ever prize : and to the *Word*
 Hold next in reverence ! *Clement*, thine, whose name
 Is

Is in the book of life ; with *Justin*, thine,
 Nervous apologist, and martyr blest.
 Nor *Cyprian* shall be absent, like a rock 880
 Who for pure discipline and doctrine stood
 Unshaken : while the venerable page
 Of champion *Atbanasius* I peruse,
 With wonder and instruction every line
 Admiring glad ! Hail, suffering combatant— 885
 Thy *Master's* honour well didst thou maintain !
 At thee deluded *Arians* gnash their teeth,
 And growl their heat in vain ! Nor let me cease
 With royal *Basil*, *Ephraim* meek of heart,
 And thee, oh soul of eloquence, whose lips 890
 Golden persuasion in rich drops distill'd,
 And honey sweeter than th' *Hyblean* bees,
 Fam'd *Chrysofom**—to spend the useful hours !
 While pious *Austin* frequent calls my soul
 From *Jerom's* solid page, to the sweet work 895
 Of meditation heavenly !—Nor alone
 Should ancient sages my attention claim :

* He was called *Chrysofom*, i. e. *golden-mouth'd*, from his great eloquence.

From the rich harvest of theology
 Which grows in *England's* Church, fam'd for its sons,
 Pillars of sacred truth, still would I cull 900
 Some favourite piece : thine, *Patrick*,* chiefly here
 Demands my grateful tribute : since from thee
 I caught the flame, that thus hath in my soul
 The spark poetic, almost dead, reviv'd :
 Kindling fresh ardors, and still warmer love 905
 To JESU's wish'd appearing—And that work
 Who more persuasive to complete than thou
 Contemplative illustrious, mitred *Hall* ;
 Be thou my choice companion ! Near at hand,
 Thy deep read pages, *Waterland* be plac'd, 910
 The *British Athanasius* : sound in sense,
 In judgment clear and strong.—But 'twere in vain
 To 'numerate all those whose toilsome pains
 Our grateful love demand, and whose great names
 Stand in the list of British favour high : 915
Andrews, and *Brownrigg* : *Latimer*, and *Sharp* :
Hammord and *Stanhope* : *Beveridge*, *Lightfoot*, *Bull*,

* See the argument, &c. prefixed to this Poem----and the fourth volume of my Sermons, p. 235. n.

Sherlock and *Reynolds*, *Taylor*, *Stillingfleet*,
 With *Milton*, poet divine, and thoughtful *Young* :
 Nor let me serious *Law* forget, grown hoar 920
 In honourable piety :—Ah that
 The mystic lore shou'd e'er from Truth's clear fount
 Devious have turn'd thy pen !—Thou, *Hervey*, too
 Whose page and soul alike breathe humblest love
 To thy ador'd Redeemer : Thou hast shewn 925
 That piety and polish'd elegance
 May well together suit : and while remains
 Or piety or elegance, thy works
 Like genuine gold the touchstone will abide,
 And grateful to thy countrymen remain !* 930
 Oh may I to my lowly strains derive
 Some merit from the friendship of thy name ;
 Strains, whose exalted subject fills thy heart,
 So constant with delight ; and from thy tongue
 In converse pours such streams of eloquence 935

* I would be understood principally to refer to this author's excellent *Meditations*.

That the rapt hearer wonders at his fears
 Of death ere while, and glowing with the love
 Of JESU, caught from thee, longs to behold
 His Saviour in the clouds : for who can stand
 Amidst the sweetness of *Arabian* groves, 940
 And not bear thence some fragrance ?—Valued friend,
 Proceed ; and thy too feeble strength renew'd,
 May to hoar age thy journey be prolong'd,
 And strew'd each step with blessings to mankind !

'Tis for this end, all-gracious Providence 945
 In each disposal wise, hath stretch'd thy span,
 Nervous Essayist, *Wogan**, of the Church
 True son : whose writings should the muse o'er pass
 Unheeded, well might she be judg'd unjust,
 Nor to her own times grateful. Hoary Sage, 950
 Much to thy labours owe we ! May thy crown
 Be bright with eminent lustre, in the realms

* The excellent author of a work modestly intitled, " An Essay on the proper Lessons for Sundays." 4 vols. 8vo. See my Sermons, vol. iv. p. 385. n.

Of retribution faithful : while on earth
 Considerate we strive from thy blest toils
 To make improvement holy ; and advance 955
 From strength to strength : till we together come ;
 And stand in *Sion* 'fore the God of Gods !

Ah, when shall we so stand, or how so stand ?
 How, my *Maria* ?—Glory be to God,
 Who giveth us the victory thro' CHRIST, 960
 Triumphant Mediator !—Let us then
 The eucharistic hymn join to his fame,
 And close with grateful praise the feeble verse,
 All too unworthy his rich love : unmeet
 For argument so high : yet not disdains 965
 The father fond his lisping infant's tales
 Affectionate and artless :—“ Thou, dear Lord,
 Thou art our *Father*, and thy children, We :
 And as a Father with compassion mild
 His children views, so thy paternal eye 970
 With gracious pity on us looks : thy care
 All-provident defends ; shields and protects,

From

From ills furrounding ; crowns with life, with health,
 With blessings, countless, bountiful : the pledge
 Of those unnumber'd in our Father's house 975
 Reserv'd to crown his sons, when they return
 From pilgrimage and trial well-approv'd !
 And oh what bounties rich, what glories high
 Unutterable, are reserv'd in that blest house
 The *palace* of his sons, when here below 980
 Even in our *prison* dark, our earthly cot,
 Such goods profuse hang rich on every side !
 Oh thou, who feed'st the ravens when they call,
 And in their snowy beauty so dost deck '
 The lillies of the field : give me to trust 985
 With full dependence, *Father*, on thy will ;
 And thy appointments high, grateful receive,
 (Without base murmuring) of good or ill :
 For best thou know'st our weal——

And love like thine, 990
 Celestial *Bridegroom*,—o'er that weal to watch
 Can never cease ; safe may our soul's repose

Love's

Love's banner o'er us spread : while thy left-hand
Is plac'd beneath us, and thy tender right
Folds us in thy affectionate embrace !*

995

Oh teach us to return like love to thine !

Oh cause our hearts to glow with passion fond !

While in thy bleeding beauties, heavenly *spouse*,

We view thy mighty love ; and each red drop

Is as a precious pledge, thou fairest found

1000

Amidst ten thousands ! All our doubts dispel,

And fill with holy confidence our souls,

Such confidence of love as well befits

A *Bridegroom* eminent in love, like thee !

And who shall tax our highest confidence ?

1005

Friendship without it is a name : and thou,

Thou art our sovereign, thou our chiefest *friend* :

Oh matchless grace ; thou, Saviour, hast not scorn'd

Benign to call us *friends* : and to thyself

By all the ties of friendship and of blood,

1010

(Stoop down, ye angels, wonder and adore !)

* See Cant. c. ii. 6.

Poor mortals bind, thy *brethren* !—And, my God,
 May I presume—oh unexampled love—
 To call thee BROTHER ?—Not to call thee so,
 Were impious, were profane : thou, to that end, 1015
 From glory to the Virgin's womb came down,
 Cried in the stable, suffer'd on the cross,
 And bore man's nature, to ally lost man,
 In marvellous relation to his God !

Our *Father* then—oh how august is man, 1020
 Seen in his true relation !—And our *spouse*,
 Our *Brother*, and our *Friend*—exult, my soul—
 Is HE, who in the hollow of his hand
 Measures the waters : with his span metes out
 The vast circumference of Heaven : who weighs 1025
 In scales the massy mountains, and the hills.
 In even balance poises : who the winds
 Holds in his fists : says to the sea, Be still,
 And to the wild storms, Peace. Lo, he takes up
 The islands, as a very little thing !
 All nations are before him as a drop
 Of water from the bucket : as the dust,

As the small dust, that on the balance beam
 Hangs imperceptible : as nothing,—less
 Than nothing—vanity !—What then am I? 1035
 I tremble at myself, in his dread fight !
 —Yet in that fight how dear a soul redeem'd !
 How great, how precious ! What a dower immense,
 An habitation how divine awaits
 The bride, the child, of such a spouse, and fire? 1043

I kindle into confidence : the thought
 With ardent longing my wrapt heart inspires !
 Oh father, honour'd ever ;—ever-lov'd
 And beauteous bridegroom ; brother, friend, and Lord,
 Redeemer, hope, sun, shield, my God, my All ! 1045
 Oh that in all thy mighty power array'd,
 That clad in all thy majesty and love—
 Oh that the solid firmament of Heaven
 Thou would'st in funder rend ! That thou would'st come,
 Come down in sovereign pomp ; that at thy feet 1050
 The everlasting mountains might flow down,
 And earth dissolve like wax before thy face !
 While thro' the eternal deep, illumin'd wide

With

With sevenfold glory, thy high praise resounds !
 Then *we* to thine immortal love receiv'd, 1055
 From sin, from sorrow, from decay set free,
 Sall enter new *Jerusalem*, with thee,
 City of joy, and realm of endless peace !

Hail sovereign love ! thy coming we expect,
 And long, with souls awake, to hear the Trump, 1060
 To see the sign, to meet thee in the clouds !
 Hail sovereign love ! Thee first and last we sing,
 Grateful our harps attuning to thy praise,
 Who with the Father and the Spirit blest,
 One seat of sovereign glory fill ; supreme 1065
 Alike in power, in majesty the same,
 Co-equal, coeternal : awful three,
 In essence undivided, as in love !
 Oh could we reach the strain, that pleasing erst
 Rang thro' Heav'n's concave, when thy work complete,
 The morning stars in sweetest concord sang,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy !
 Then might we hope to win thy favouring ear
 Attentive to our Lauds !—But all we hope,

Omnipotent

Omnipotent, from efforts feeble, low, 1075
 Like ours, is pardon and indulgence bland!
 Oh with a gracious eye our fond desires,
 That fain would tower aloft, deign to behold!
 Thine, JESUS, thine we are : and much we joy
 In the relationship divine : to thee 1080
 Gladly our helm we leave, steer thou our course,
 Unsleeping *Pilot*, over this world's wave !
 Thou our frail vessel in the deep hast launch'd ;
 Thou, in much mercy, every rock hast shewn,
 Each quick-sand kindly pointed out, and taught 1085
 How to avoid the perils of each storm,
 To hush each tempest, and to calm each wave !
 —Oh let the *love*, that thus *unsought* was kind,
 Implor'd, it's kindness still preserve : and guide
 Unskilful as *we* are our vessels helm : 1090
 Safe landing us from tempests and from waves
 In that lov'd harbour, on that long'd-for shore,
 Where peace eternal blooms, and one glad day
 Of undiminish'd joy for ever shines.
 Where, in bright crouds, upon the crystal beach, 1095
 Saints, angels, friends, stand ready to receive,

And welcome us from out the crazy bark
 Nigh-founder'd, landing!—They, each peril past,
 Death's gloomy terrors vanquish'd, and each foe
 Subdued, with gratulations sweet, and songs 1100
 Of joy, shall greet our souls : and 'midst the shouts
 Of victory celestial, and the tone
 Of heavenly harps, by heavenly harpers strung,
 Shall to thy glorious presence introduce : —
 But words are wanting here :—We prostrate fall, 1105
 Before thee trembling, ravish'd, loving, lost!—

Come then, Lord JESUS : all our souls are thine !
 Oh come, sweet Saviour, quickly, quickly come !
 We languish, love of God, for thy delay !
 Why tarry thus thy chariot-wheels?—How long ? 1110
 When will it be?—Come quickly :—Lord, how long !



Και το πνευμα, και η νυμφη, λεγουσιν ΕΛΘΕ.

Και ο ακουων ειπατω, ΕΛΘΕ.

Και ο διψω, Ελθετω, και ο θελων λαμβανειτω

Το υδωρ Ζωης δωρεαν.

Λεγει ο μαρτυρων ταυτα

Ναι ερχομαι ταχυ.

Αμην· Ναι ΕΡΧΟΤ, ΚΥΡΙΕ ΙΗΣΟΥ.

Rev. xxii. 17.

T H E E N D.

